

New York, March 2, 1837.

My dear Helen:

5-4 Much to your regret, I dare say, (for I know you love me,) and I will say to my own regret also, (for I know that I love you,) I shall not be able to get home as soon as I anticipated when I left Boston. To begin with the beginning. Jonathan's luck with me, as usual. We were four hours on the rail-road to Providence, i. e. twice as long as usual. There was no stove in our car, and as the weather was excessively cold, we suffered to some extent on the score of our feet and hands. After we had got a mile beyond Canton, we met the opposite train, and had to retrace our steps. Soon after, the cars separated, and away went the locomotive, John Gilpin like, at a hurried speed, the engineers being ignorant for some time that we ~~were~~ ^{were} left behind: so we had to wait till he discovered ~~our~~ ^{our} loss, and came back to take us in tow. I parted from Miss Smith at the Taunton branch.

We left Providence just before 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with about 90 passengers, (all of them but one strangers to me,) and a very heavy freight. The boat was the Benjamin Franklin, the slowest one on the route. The weather was cold and stormy. Arrived at Stamford at 4 o'clock, and stopped there till 2 o'clock the next morning, on account of the wind blowing a tremendous gale. We then started for New York, but did not arrive here till last evening a quarter past 8 o'clock. It was a tedious and disagreeable passage. Although we had so many passengers, I had none to sympathize with any of the feelings of my heart, on the ground either of humanity or religion. Nearly all of them were more or less ^{engaged} in card-playing, throwing dice, and such foolish and criminal acts.

I found a welcome reception at our friend Lewis Tappan's. They are all well, and inquired affectionately after you and little George. There was a meeting of the Executive Committee last evening, which I attended. Rev. Mr. Larritt, Arthur Tappan, Mr. Sunderland, Prof. Wright, and Rev. Mr. Cornish, were present. — Not one of them knew where Weld was to be found, nor did they believe his health would allow him to go to Boston, except at the risk of his life. I have since R. B. Williams, Mr. Phelps, H. C. Wright, and other friends, but nobody knows any thing of Weld's whereabouts! It is too bad for him to hide himself in this manner. It is probable, however, that I shall find him this afternoon. Had I seen him this forenoon, probably I could have returned to Boston this afternoon, as a steam-boat leaves for Providence at 3 o'clock. Another one leaves on Saturday afternoon — so that I shall not see you till Monday forenoon. Tell the friends I shall do my utmost to bring Weld along with me, but cannot hold out any encouragement as to his coming, simply on account of the state of his health.

As the mail is about closing, I must drop my pen. Kiss dear George many times for my sake — remember me in love to all at No. 5, Hayward Place — and believe me

Ever yours most affectionately,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. I gave Eliza's things to a colored man to hand over the box to Williams.



Single

Mrs. Helen C. Garrison,

Care of Garrison & Knapp,

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Boston, Mass.